Pain

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Pain

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

All Hannibal hears is Will's screams of agony as Hannibal carried him out of the water on to a soft beach. The sheer force of their fall had ripped them away from each other. Will had landed on his side on a rock not 6 ft under the surface of the water. Hannibal had managed to miss the main rock chunks and made it away with only cuts, bruises, and one gunshot wound. Thankfully for Will, he had passed out from the pain shortly after they made it out of the choppy waters and on to the shore.

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Will now lay almost completely surrounded by plaster casts on his right side. Hannibal had put IV of blood in Will's left forearm and a another IV of PN and morphine in his left foot. Will woke for the first time in blistering agony, which had Hannibal running to up the brunet's morphine.

Will took gasping breaths as it kicked in. Hannibal ran a hand through his hair soothingly, "How are you feeling, Will?"

"Stupid... Question," Will said between chest heaving breaths. Hannibal nodded, "True. Try to take slow, deep breaths Will. It should help your chest hurt less."

Will nodded stiffly. Hannibal nodded and made toward the other bed Will caught the hem of his shirt, "Stay."

"Any thing you wish," Hannibal said the small twinkle of a smile not unknown to Will. The blonde sat against the headboard with a relieved sigh. Will reached his good arm to pull Hannibal closer. The older man laughed softly before following the younger's tugs until Will was satisfied.

Will wiggled just enough to where he could comfortably lay his head on Hannibal's thigh and smiled. The brunet grabbed Hannibal's hand and clutched it to his chest. The doctor watched as his ex-unofficial-patient fought sleep for a few moments before drifting back to sleep. Hannibal to drifted as well, still clutching Will's hand like a life line.

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Hannibal woke up stiff as all hell and the gunshot in his side throbbed, but Will was still holding his hand and laying on him. That made him smile. He slowly slide his hand out of Will's and moved Will's head on to a pillow so he could lay down. Will reached out for him in his sleep trying to find his hand again and whined quietly. Hannibal grabbed a pillow from his bed and climbed back in bed with Will, whom immediately calmed when Hannibal grabbed his hand.

"Hannibal?" Will whispered in his sleep, "Never ever leave."

"Of course, Will," Hannibal hummed.

From that night on they always shared a bed. Weather they were in a cramped hotel room or a spacious house, pissed off or happy as a clam, freezing winters or blistering summer heat, they never woke up alone.

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